

1994

The DIT Examiner: the Newspaper of the Dublin Institute of Technology Students' Union December, 1994

DIT: Students' Union

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The DIT Examiner

The Newspaper of the Dublin Institute of Technology Students' Union December '94



Buying presents for Christmas can be a source of much frustration at times. However, the trusty book is always an option. We offer some suggestions
PAGE 4



The next few weeks will see a glut of films of wildly varying quality. Let us guide you through the maze, recommending and warning as we go.
PAGE 5



DIT Kevin Street SU recently held its annual fashion show. Ordinary folk left their inhibitions at home and gave it loads on the catwalk
PAGE 6



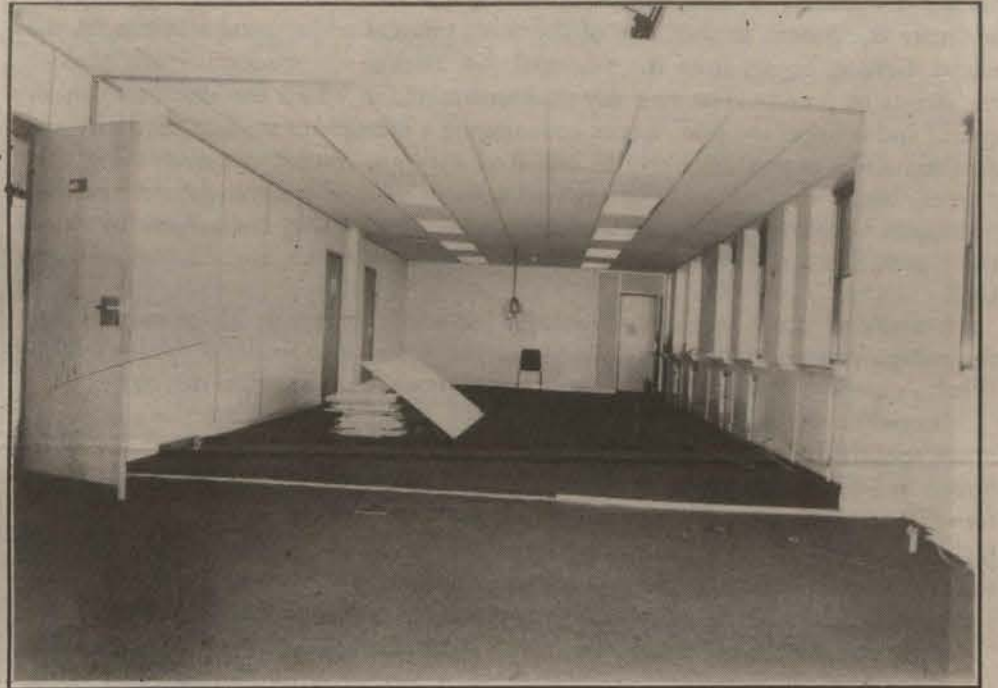
DITSU sabbaticals are no different from people anywhere (well, not much). But their choice of presents may cause a raised eyebrow or two.
PAGE 11

Trouble In Store For DIT

Trouble is brewing for the DIT up in Rathmines, new home for Cathal Brugha Street's Environmental Resource Management course and the Social School. More than two months after the college year began, the students are still without on site library facilities, have a small, sparsely furnished classroom for a common room and an even smaller set up for a reading room.

Building). The rooms are empty but down the corridor there is another room which is filled with fittings and shelves which only have to be moved a few metres along to the rooms lying idle.

Ms McNulty says that the library was originally planned to be in the old building College of Commerce building in Rathmines but that it was suddenly decided three weeks ago that the Durkin would be the location. This is denied by



The library in waiting

took time and that "you cannot predict these things with great accuracy". He told The DIT Examiner that the library would be set up and stacked with books by January.

"We want to move with a swoop. If we were to bring the books in now and leave them in boxes, that would be worse for the students."

All of which leaves the students in Rathmines no better off than they were at the beginning of the year. Most of the them have long full days in college and if they want to study or work on projects they have to trek down to the main building in Cathal Brugha Street. The reading room provided is a tiny room with two desks and no windows. And these are not the only facilities that are causing ever increasing irritation for the students. The common room is a

particular eyesore, a badly furnished little room which the students share with three vending machines, one of which doesn't work. It must be remembered that there are more than 250 students attending college in the building. Again this is something which the union is trying to sort out, and representation have been made to Frank McMahon on the matter

"There is some talk among the students of some sort of action, a strike or something," says Sinéad McNulty. "We are trying to pacify them and sort it out but I can see where they are coming from and they're dead right. I'm surprised they've even put up with it for this long".

She said that most of the courses

continued on page 2



Uncommonly small

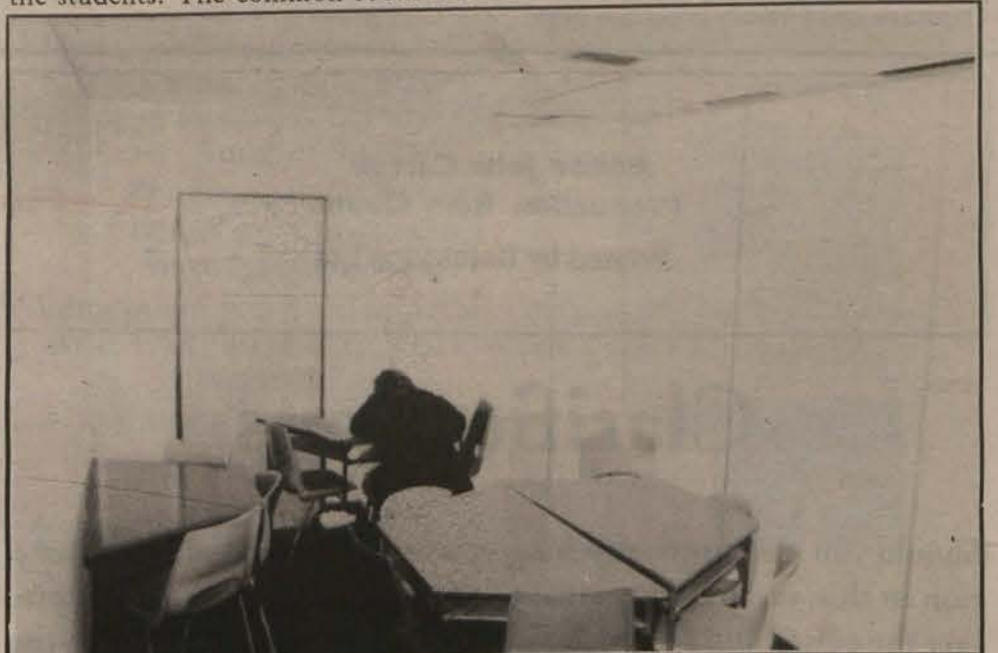
"They are really very annoyed about it," says Sinéad McNulty, Deputy President of DIT Cathal Brugha Street's Students' Union. "They were told initially that it would take six to eight weeks for library facilities to be set up once they had moved into Rathmines and now we're in the week before Christmas." The rooms for the library have finally been allocated but the only work that has been done so far is the removal of partitions between rooms. The library is to be located on the top floor of the new building (Durkin

Mr Frank McMahon, Acting Director of DIT Cathal Brugha Street.

"I don't think there was ever a plan to locate the library in the old building. I mean, all the possibilities were looked at but it was never really planned to have it there."

When asked if he could explain why there had been such a long delay between the students moving into Rathmines and the setting up of a library, Mr McMahon replied simply, "No."

He then added that building projects



The compact reading room

The DIT Examiner

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A Lively Beginning, To Say the Least

It's only December and already it's been a ferociously busy year for the Dublin Institute of Technology, mostly in ways the people in the Head Office, or Jurassic House, as it is known in some quarters, would have preferred it wasn't. It had widely expected, and reported, that DIT Aungier Street would open its doors back in March, at least by the powers that be. The rest of us, seeing the plain lack of activity from Rathmines and the building contractor problems regarding the new site, knew different, and better. The place finally opened for the beginning of the new term but it was clear that the move had been rushed and the evidence was no clearer than in the Students' Union which was undecorated and unfinished, lacking even rudiments such as doors and phones. Even as this seemed close to being resolved, another problem developed; more correctly, it didn't so much develop as become intolerable for the Journalism and Communications Students who had been left without adequate equipment in this, one of the most modern educational facilities on the island. Getting no joy from the principal, Jim Hickey, the students finally took to the streets in protest. The two day demonstration, in which students from many course and colleges too part, was as encouraging an example of student solidarity and determination as you are likely to see. And they got results, not everything they wanted, but it must certainly be counted a major victory. It never should have had to happen of course, but it gave students a sense of what they can achieve by working together in a way that is all too rarely seen. Now they know. And so does the DIT.

Naturally all is not rosy, that would be too much to expect. Three months into the college year and work is still being carried out on the Students' Union's shop. What a superbly planned and brilliantly timed move this has turned out to be.

Meanwhile the buildings vacated by DIT Rathmines became the subject of much speculation among students and students' unions. With DIT Cathal Brugha Streets annexes at Marlborough Street and Sackville Place also under scrutiny (the former because it is due to be demolished, the latter because the DIT's lease on it had quietly and rather embarrassingly run out) all sorts of theories were put forward, the end result being an unnecessary and disruptive period of uncertainty for students at the beginning of the academic year. Great start, guys.

In the end some courses moved from Cathal Brugha Street up to Rathmines House, the newer of the buildings in Rathmines. End of story? Not by a long chalk. They were then and remain without a proper common room, a half decent reading room and any library whatever. We have been told that it will be ready by January. We'll see.

Anything else? But of course. The faculty structure document was published in November and is already causing much concern and no small amount of indignation. Students in the Food Science programme in DIT Kevin Street have protested strongly about the proposed move of their course to DIT Cathal Brugha Street and some lecturers have also expressed concern about the repercussions such a move might have. A petition of more than 600 signatures has been sent to Dr Brendan Goldsmith, President of The DIT. A response has yet to emerge from head office in Pembroke Street. With the DIT determined to push ahead with its faculty structure, the smoke is unlikely to be white. This first adverse reaction to the faculty structure will certainly not be the last.

Break Time, For Some

The DIT Examiner is taking a break for the Christmas and will be published again in time for your return to college in January. For those of you preparing for semester exams, we wish you the very best of luck. Try not to completely neglect Christmas. After all it wasn't designed as a time when you'd have to study. Ah progress. To the rest of you, there is little question of Christmas being neglected. To all of you from everyone in DITSU and The DIT Examiner, have a Happy Christmas and a bloody good new year.

Editor John Carroll
Production Rory Quinn
Printed by Datascope Ltd

Clarifications

Should you encounter anything you feel is in need of clarification in this, or any other issue of the DIT Examiner, please contact the editor and any such matters shall then be clarified in the subsequent edition

continued from page 1

were very intensive and that students were in college until five or six o'clock in the evening. If they wished to study after that they had to travel to Cathal Brugha Street. This problem has been compounded for some students by the fact that they moved flat to the Rathmines area when they learned that their courses were to be relocated.

The Students' Union has also made the college authorities aware of the poor common room facilities in Rathmines.

"The students are going mad about it. We're trying to find out if there are free classrooms we can make into a common room."

Frank McMahon told The DIT Examiner that if there was space available he would be more than willing to give it over to a common room.

"We are doing our best to make sure that they have good facilities and generally speaking they are better off in Rathmines than in their previous accommodation."

Ms McNulty accepts this but pointed out that things are far from rosy in the Durkin building. She expressed the worry that the students' academic performance may be adversely affected by the delay in setting up the library.

"The year is half over at this stage. I don't know how they can be expected to pass their exams at the end of the year with all the delays."

"If it isn't resolved for after Christmas, the wrath of the students will be brought down. They are very annoyed and they want something done about it."

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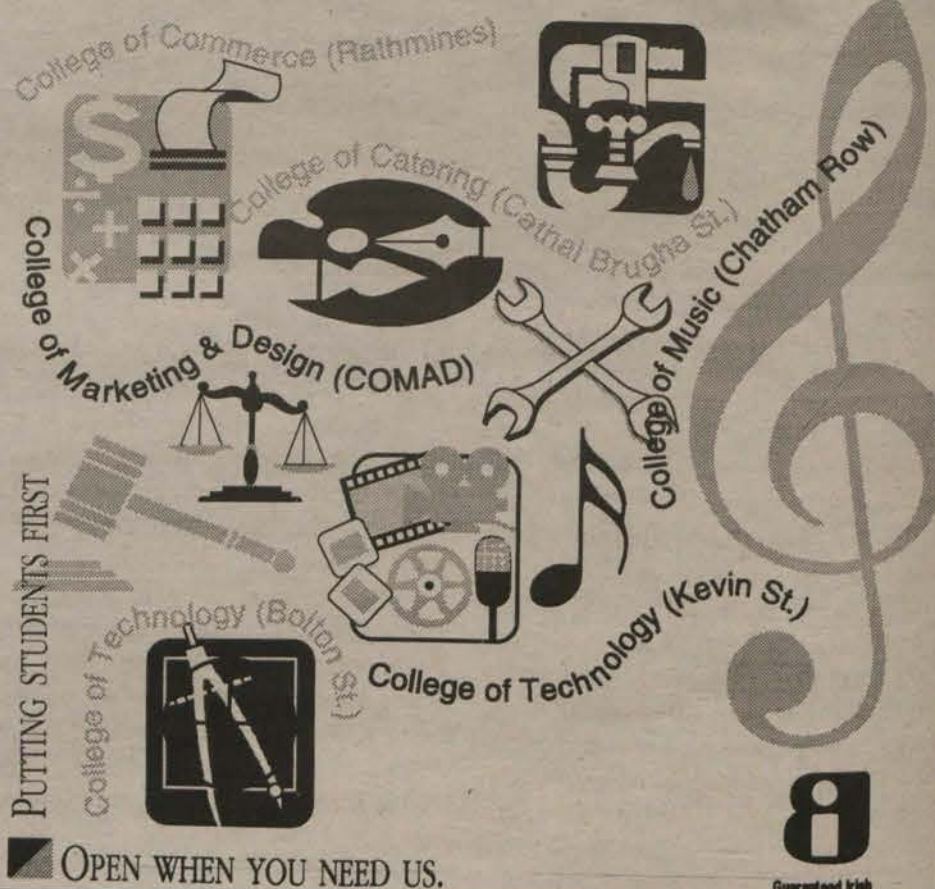
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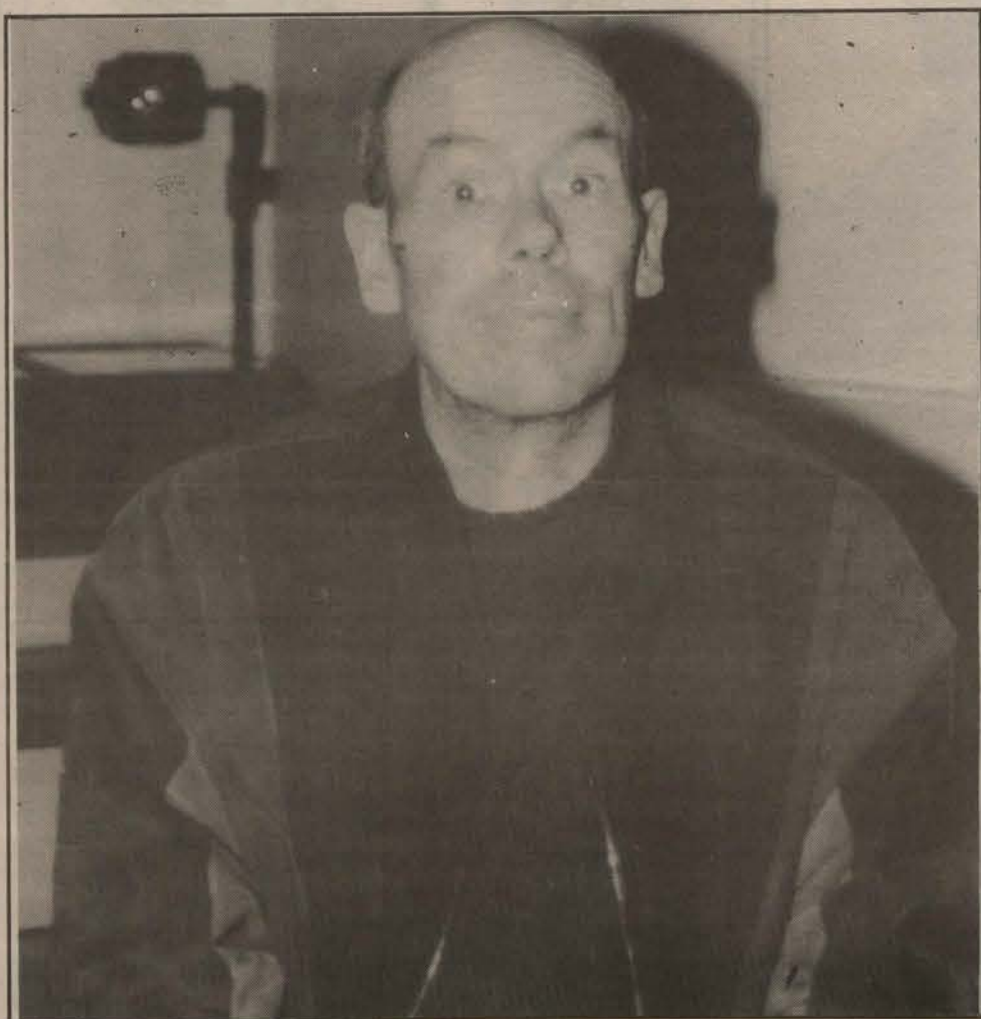
STUDENTS UNION SHOPS



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Still Performing Dispatch From The Front



Thom McGinty, *The Diceman*, was in fine form when he gave a talk and a frank question and answer session in DIT Bolton Street recently. At the talk, which took place on World AIDS Day, Thom spoke frankly and funnily about his life, his career and life with HIV. The lecture theatre was packed, with some people consigned to the steps and to standing at the back of the theatre. When it came to photographs, Thom simply couldn't help but pull faces. He may not be performing on the streets anymore but he is still a performer.

It has to be seen to be believed. The Durkin buildings in Rathmines is one of the newest properties at the disposal of the DIT. OK it was fairly comprehensively gutted when the College of Commerce moved down to the new premises in Aungier Street but surely the facilities for the students, classroom facilities and newness notwithstanding, should be markedly better than they are at present.

The common room is a bit of a joke, unless you have to spend any length of time in it. One room, three vending machines, the tattiest looking seat this side of a skip and any amount of students, most of whom are consigned to the floor. Occasionally they borrow chairs from other rooms for the added luxury of sitting but then the cleaners complain and take them back. It is understandable behaviour on both sides.

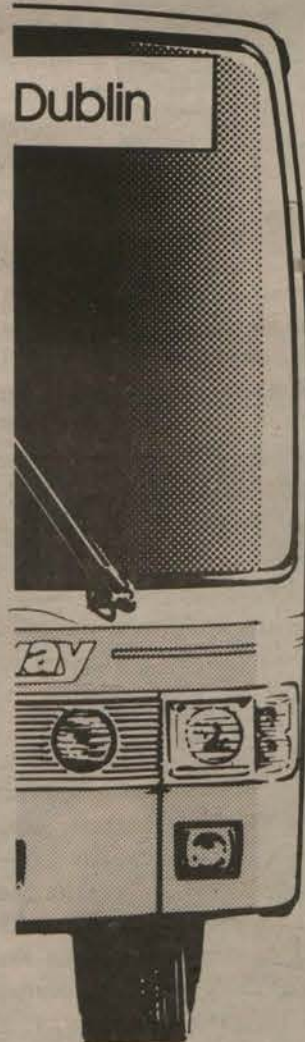
Musical diversion is provided by a rather dejected looking yellow stereo with a piece of wire employed as an aerial. Sudden movement upsets the reception. One of the students was compelled to bring in the stereo, to relieve the madness and the quietness.

The day I was there there were 20 or

so students in the room, most of them sitting on the floor eating lunch and chatting. I asked how they liked their new home away from home. It would not be an exaggeration to say that there were one or two derisive snorts and "what do you think?" expressions. They have adapted to the rather unpleasant conditions but say they are not going to put up with forever.

John Clarke is a Second year Environmental Resource Management student. He is talking about a student protest, the nature of which is not yet clear, if the situation doesn't improve. Library facilities and proper common room facilities are a basic right, he says. He did not mention the reading room but Grace McDonnell, also second year ERM, did. She simply wouldn't study there because it's too small. Small it certainly is, occupied by one student when I looked in. And grim. Boy is it grim. I mean a reading room should ideally be devoid of distractions but if someone sneezed in that room it would shatter the collective concentration. It's bloody depressing. And then there's the library. Well, actually, there isn't.

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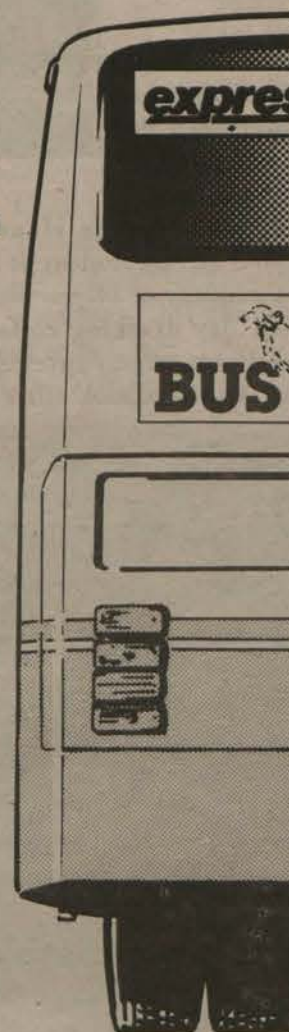
BUY YOUR TICKET IN THE COLLEGE

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A Reader's Guide To The Festive Season

by Emer Devery

Finally, the long awaited Christmas break has arrived, yet not without the buying of Christmas presents. Whether you are buying or receiving, book shops offer all the answers for your present needs, hassle free shopping in pleasant surroundings.

As every student knows, money is rarely in plentiful supply. So here is a sample of budget-friendly recommended titles to choose from this festive season.

Are you suffering from the various hassles associated with being a first year or do you know someone who is? If so, then *Fresher Pressure* is the book for you. It offers advice on how to survive as a student, suitable for those thinking to going to college, those already there and wondering why or those who want to know how other students have managed. Authors Aidan McFarlane and Ann McPhearson give the facts and suggest the tips to help you survive. *Fresher Pressure*, priced at £5.15 could relieve some of the pressure.

The humour section offers a wealth of Christmas crackers this year. Students should appreciate what's on offer.

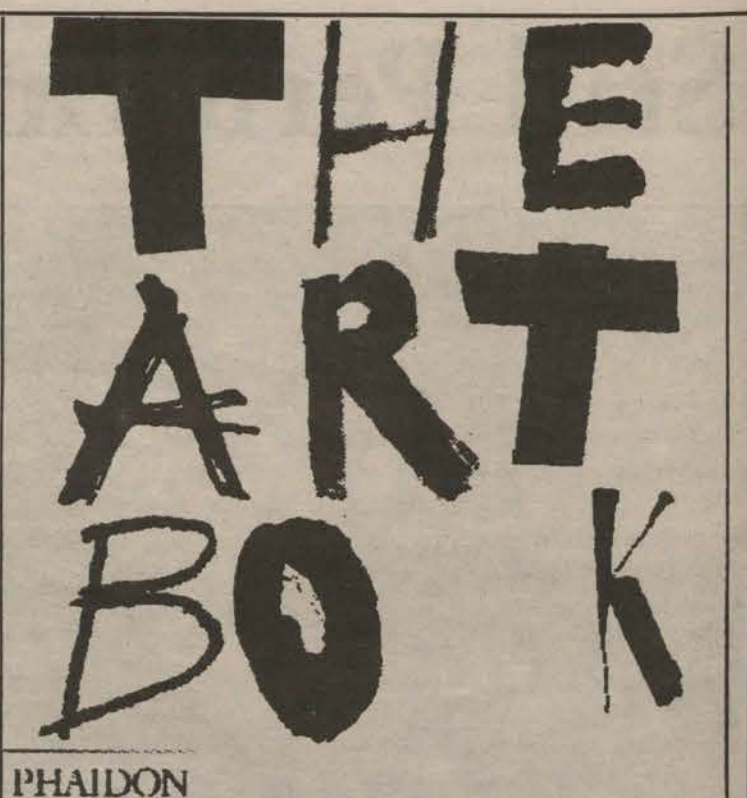
The *Official Slacker Handbook* describes your average student. It is dedicated to a minority of 24-year olds who spend their day drinking coffee and crafting delicate poems littered with obscenities. The handbook offers short-

cuts for everything, from finding a job to making hallucinogenic drugs from household chemicals (keep this book out of reach of children). It also offers practical advice like jobs you can do while wearing your pyjamas and a brief history of the goatee. Informed, witty and shot through with a crushing apathy, as the book says itself.

A slacker's dream present must be one of the three dimensional image books currently on the shelves. *Ultra 3D*, *Hidden Dimensions* and *3D Planet* are just some of the titles that give a new dimension to staring and waiting for

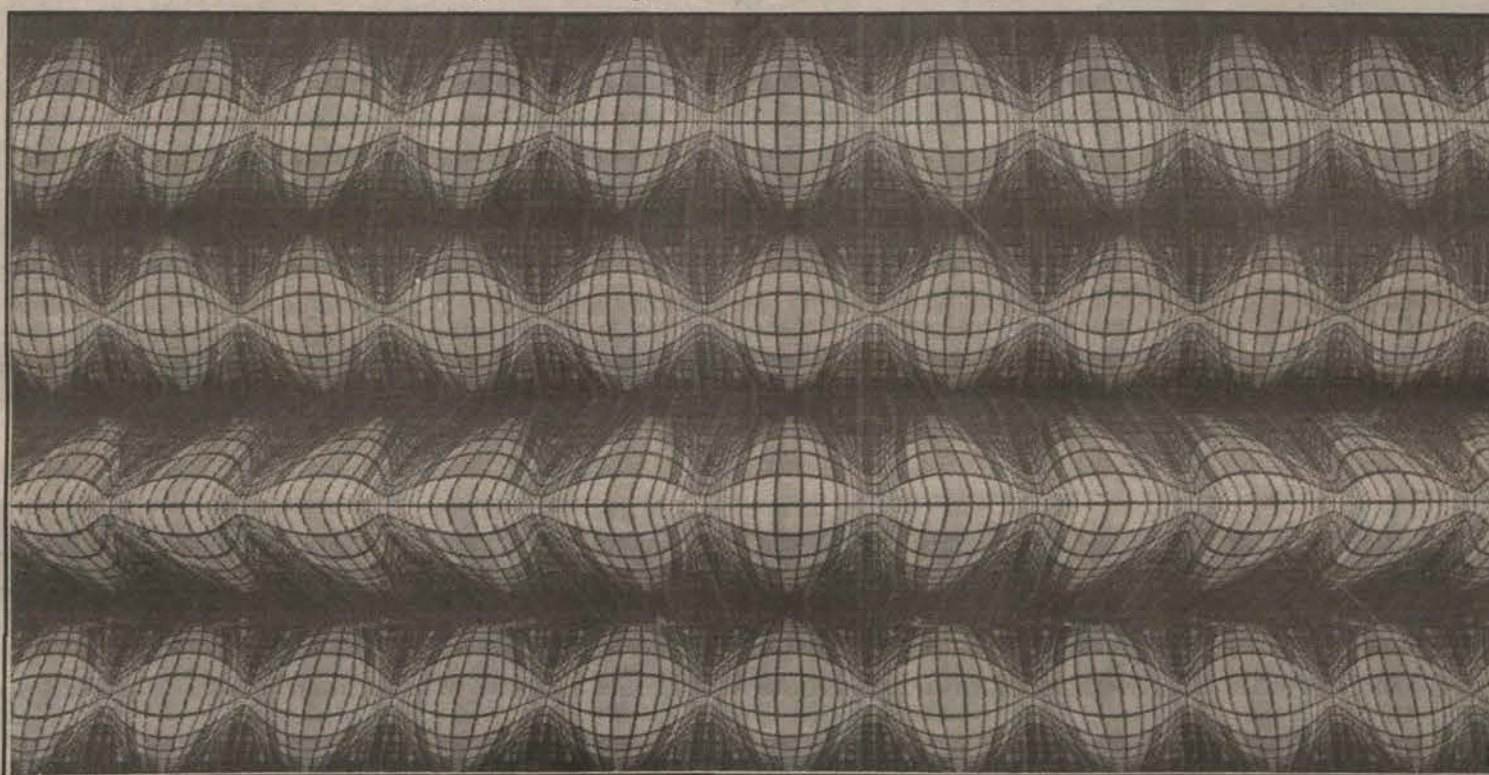
book had discovered a way of leaving their psychic imprint without suffering any physical harm. The perfect present for the fairy lover this Christmas.

The "Bluffers Guides" collections do not feature on any academic booklist yet they are essential for any budding student. Whether for study, travel or leisure



who appreciate the man's work and don't need the laughs.

For those of you interested in art history, great value is to be found in the form of *The Art Book*. It's an A-Z guide to 500 famous painters and sculptors, from medieval to modern times. It sets out to debunk art-historical classifications by putting together examples of all periods, schools, visions and techniques. Each artist is represented by a full colour plate of a typical work which is accompanied by explanatory and illuminating on each image and its creator.



something to happen.

Books on the pressed flower are common enough, but what about the pressed fairy? Lady Colington's *Pressed Fairy Book* is beautifully presented with colour illustrations of your average squashed fairy. And before there are any protests from the Fairy Rights Organisation, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fairies asked the publisher to make it clear that no fairy was injured or killed during the making of this book. They would also like to point out that, after one or two unfortunate casualties in the early stages, all the fairies presented in the

these guides offers "an amazing amount of solid fact disguised as frivolous observation". There are subjects suitable for all interests, from Bird Watching to Accountancy, from World Affairs to Paris. At just £1.99 each, these guides are most useful for bluffers everywhere.

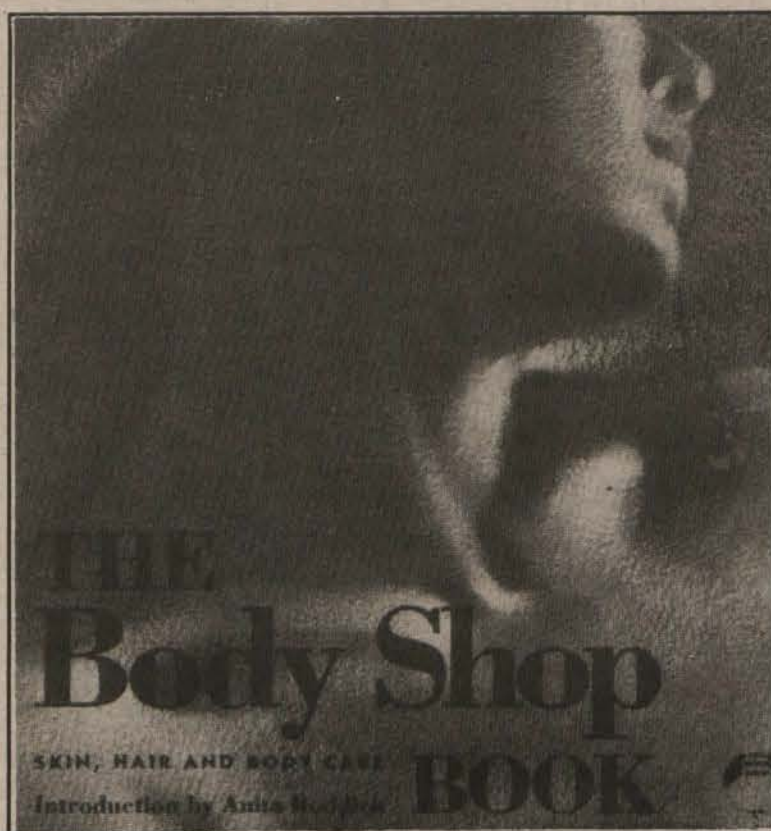
You've seen the film, now read the screenplay. The screenplays of *Pulp Fiction*, *The Hudsucker Proxy*, *Short Cuts* and *Four Weddings and a Funeral* are all available at the moment. *Four Weddings*, written by Richard Curtis (who also worked on *Mr Bean* and *Blackadder*) captivated audiences worldwide, and the screenplay contains 100 colour photos from the film and 10 unseen extra scenes.

The Hugh Grant connection is taken to extreme lengths in *Tell Me the Truth About Love*, a book of 10 famous love poems by W.H. Auden. This small paperback also contains cabaret songs. The Hugh Grant connection: his picture appears in the front cover of the book.

Continuing the film theme, Woody Allen discusses humour and other matters in *Woody Allen on Woody Allen: In Conversation with Stig Bjorkman*. The book lacks humour and is for those

Creation of a different kind is featured in *Hot Food and Cool Jazz*, the latest book from Paul and Jeanne Rankin, presenters of the programme *Gourmet Ireland* and the hugely successful book of the same name. *Hot Food and Cool Jazz* combines 50 stylish recipes with a free compact disc of original jazz music, presented in a chic box. Marc le Brun, Los Angeles based brother of Jeanne, composed the music and wrote the lyrics for the music featured on the CD.

Last but not least, as an alternative to the body shop gift baskets, *The Body Shop* team has written *The Body Shop* which collects everything the company has learned about skin, hair and body care over the years. For Anita Roddick, founder of the company "beauty means vitality, imagination, energy, having more to do with an individual's character than any idealised arrangement of physical features." This one is suitable for those interested in making the bath an wonderful haven or are curious about the link between scent and sex appeal.



REEL Life

Given that most of you will be at home for the Christmas and less likely to venture to the cinema than usual, we have decided to forego the normal film review and instead cast a critical eye over the huge number of films on offer on TV over the festive period. Time have changed, because this used to be such an exciting pre-Christmas thing to do. Nab the folks' copy of whatever bumper TV guide is purchased and underline the film that you simply must watch or your life will end. Occasionally a small whoop of joy was emitted as a particular favourite was spotted.



Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis

These days, the fun has gone out of it and this year seems to be pretty poor in the way of classics and new films. No Marx Brothers, one Laurel and Hardy and no Wizard of Oz. All right, so it's shown far too often, but it is wonderful. On the plus side, there does not appear to be any sign of the execrable Willy Wonka and his vile chocolate Factory.

ET makes its by now customary appearance (RTE 1, 17 December). It too is shown too often but for those who have not seen it (Dave Carmody shockingly included) it is still a source of wonder, a beautiful small film that



Al Pacino

feels huge in every way. Also on the same day UTV begins a series of films starring the late Burt Lancaster with his Oscar winning Elmer Gantry, a still pertinent look at American evangelicism. To be avoided that evening is Blue Ice (BBC1) in which a flabby Michael Caine - hardest working actor in crap

films in the world - is a flabby spy coaxed back into action. Thankfully The Iceman is on the same channel two days later, reminding us just how

laconic Harry Palmer was.

Bill Murray made a very funny film in 1990 called Quick Change. Funny script, clever plot and a great cast - Geena Davis, Randy Quaid, Jason Robards. No-one saw it and it vanished with indecent haste. Catch it on the 18th on Channel 4 and in between the laughs, wonder why you haven't seen it before.

The ever wonderful Geena Davis is to be seen again in Thelma & Louise (RTE 1, 20th), starring with Susan Sarandon in Ridley Scott's most human and perceptive film to date. It bears repeated viewing and the two leads are quite brilliant.

For unrivalled hysterics, tune into Silver Dream Racer (UTV, 21st) with David Essex. A gloriously bad film that gave us, though we never asked for it, the song Silver Dream Machine. Remember? "I've a dream/silver dream machine.." No? Better off.

One of the best of the older films on offer is Robert Wise's The Set-Up (BBC 2, 23rd) a gritty, believable drama about an ageing boxer (Robert Ryan) who refuses to throw a fight believing he still has what it takes. Short, tough and well worth staying up for (Like so many of the better films it's on late, 12.30am)

Earlier the same night is The

Godfather III, which is a good film in its own right but pales disastrously next to both its predecessors, two of the best films ever made. In it, Michael Corleone tries to become a legitimate businessman but his whole life is against him. Pacino is great and Andy Garcia is a treat as the volatile son of Sonny (James Caan) but Sofia Coppola is a disaster. Good but it really hadn't a chance.

On Christmas Eve, before the boozing begins in earnest there is an early disaster flick, Krakatowa - East of Java (BBC 2) which is notable only for the fact that Krakatowa is actually west of Java.

Much later on that night BBC 2 is showing She-Devil, the Hollywoodised take on Fay Weldon's The Life and Loves of a She-Devil. It is completely useless and Meryl Streep has never been more irritating. Thankfully, most of us will be some-



Harrison Ford

where else; anywhere else will do. However, you may be home in time for James Whale's Frankenstein, (Channel 4) the 1931 version starring Boris Karloff as the creature. It's stylised, sentimental strays wildly from the novel and has yet to be matched.

Christmas Day gets off to a bright start on RTE with

Elsewhere on the day you can have some fun trying to spot Kevin Costner amidst the other wood in Sherwood Forest. Robin Hood - Prince of Thieves (BBC 1) is worthwhile only for Alan Rickman who seems to think

he's in a much better film. Call off Christmas indeed.

Stephen's Day is traditionally a good day for films, and this year is pretty good by those standards. The Flying Deuces (RTE 1) sees Laurel & Hardy joining the foreign. Not their funniest but it does have some great moments and in a poor Christmas for comedy, be grateful.

Unfortunately it clashes with the Singin' in the Rain, (BBC 2) probably the greatest musical ever because it didn't rely entirely on the music for its brilliance. Great performances from Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor and Jean Hagan, wonderful music and funny, smart dialogue. All that and Cyd Charisse's endless legs.

BBC 1 is showing one of John Wayne's most enjoyable films, his Oscar winning turn in True Grit and later that night, for those who can find nothing better to do on traditional party night, the same channel has Spellbound, the Hitchcock thriller starring two of the most attractive people ever to appear on screen, the impossibly beautiful Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck who was so handsome it was disgusting. The film isn't one of Hitchcock's best and the psychology is very simplistic but it's still a fine way to finish the day, if the day hasn't finished you.

I'm not going to go any further because there's plenty above to be going on with. Can't do everything for you. Let the rest of the Christmas TV surprise you. It might just as there are at least four or five minor classics to be seen later on. Find 'em and don't miss 'em.



E.T., an extra terrestrial

Up On The Catwalk

There is a wonderful and potentially ground breaking sociology thesis to be written about the strange transformation that even the most retiring people undergo when they dress in odd clothes and have lights pointed at them. Your reporter won't be writing it because he hasn't got a big beard and only rarely wears corduroy, and even then only after dark. But anyone who wishes to attempt this important work has already missed out on some prime field study in the shape of the recent Kevin Street fashion show. It offered ample proof for the theory that we are all of us a fearless, shameless bunch of show offs who only need someone else's clothes to bring out the hidden beast that is called The Extrovert.

It must be made clear that some of the models for this year's event were essentially press ganged into strutting what turned out to be considerable measures of stuff. Rough looking characters (the organisers) took to sneaking up behind solitary students, striking

them with clubs and only bringing them to when they had been dressed up and were pushed onto the catwalk. Then, of course, the hidden beast emerged triumphant and all thoughts of "they're all looking at me" were instantly replaced with thoughts of "hey! they're all looking at me" And so, the walk. Hips pushed forward, one foot directly in front of the other, head cocked arrogantly, and SWING IT. And that was only the men. It was quite remarkable; confidence levels rose the more the person was hidden by the clothes or the sexier the items were. And if shades were part of the ensemble, well, there was no stopping them. They attacked the catwalk, dared the audience to do anything other than applaud and whistle appreciatively and when they came to end of the catwalk, they stood, supreme in their superiority, with just one thought: I AM SEX!

In short, most of them made it look easy; indeed Ciarán Crosbie seemed to get an indecent amount of enjoyment



The long and the short of it.

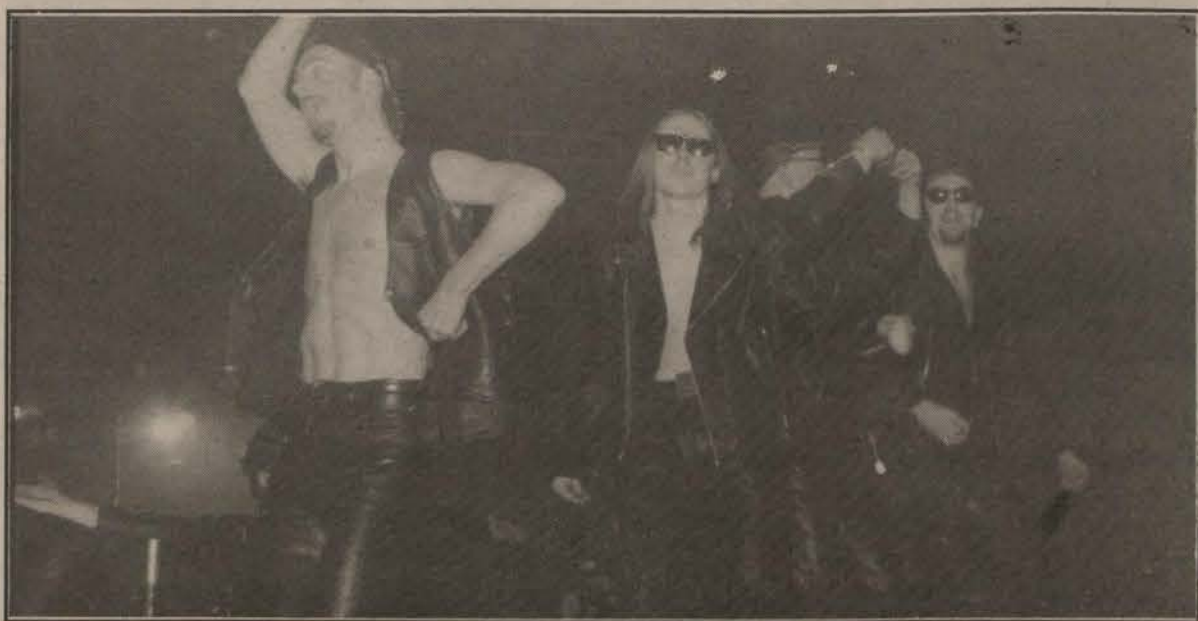
from the leather scene at the end and has apparently refused to give back the gear. Of course, as everyone should know, it is not easy and your reporter would rather disembowel himself and feed off the still steaming entrails than get up on the catwalk and do that walk.

Not sure the kips could take it.

All of which is by way of saying, long windedly, that all involved are to be congratulated for displays of bravery in the face of peers. Ciarán should, however, return the leather gear.



"It's this big!" - man with no head (but we know who it is).



Village people they're not



The bemused expression says it all.

Nice Blokes, Popes and a Gold Lamé Shirt

Brian Kennedy:

*Olympia,
Nov. 19.*

Gold lamé shirt and velvet vocals from the man I first saw supporting Suzanne Vega in The Stadium five years ago. The second album, co-written by Fairground Attractions Mark E Nevin fell leagues short of "The Great War of Words". However, a Van the Man cover seemed to boost a waning career prompting the re-release of the first album and the money to tour the forthcoming third. Flawless it not overemployed vocals, enviable guitar technique and a fawnish presence made for a swooning girly crowd and pretty good Saturday night's entertainment.

Shane McGowan and the Popes:

*Olympia,
Dec. 1*

Complete sell-out. Never before have people queued so early for a midnight gig (which didn't start 'til about 1am) Support Terry Woods, ex-Pogue should have stayed at home ion bed or readied his audition piece for The Saw Doctors. Yawn!

McGowan has the audience control sussed...ignore them! The policy of Please Remain in Your Seats During the Performance went quickly down the toilet as five bouncers lined the front of the stage to toss potential Shane grabbers back into the melee. Pogues' fans abounded and standards flowed forth: Dirty ol' Town, The Irish Rover an Fairy Tale of New York, with his sis' Siobhan doing her best Kirsty McColl. The Popes are an energetic bunch who seem to complete McGowan's sideshow. The new "Spook" stuff is to my mind more appealing than his previous outings and I look forward to hearing the tape as unintelligibility of lyric and in-between banter was a feature of the night.



Shane McGowan

Carter USM:

*The Furnace,
Dec. 2nd*

Viva post-historic monsters. UCD ents needs a good talking to! Max. crowd of 400 people in a venue that would fit about 1,200! Support: Schtum - signed by Sony, shiny guitars, raved about, boring, bland ... crap. We saw Jimbo and Fruitbat walking up t the Furnace so we walked in right behind them ... all the way in! Nice blokes, it's good to see that life doesn't end after 35 for intelligent musos. Still using backing tracks but have added drummer for the extra live feel. Lotsa new stuff and when the "You Fat Bastard" chanting crowd begged for Sheriff Fatman, the reply was "Oh, you're so passé!"

The somewhat subdued crowd, most of whom were sporting the custom mumsie-ironed long-sleeved shirts were questioned as to their enthusiasm and reminded that "this isn't an Oasis gig you know." Lyrical wizardry at work is our Carter, with gems like "Good-bye Ruby Tuesday, Go Home Silly Cow" giving a good kick up the brain of idolatry. Fatman was saved 'til the end of the parade and the depleted masses toddled home contented and deaf.

Luka Bloom:

*Olympia,
Dec. 11*

I think I got the last two tickets up the back for a gig which felt like it could have been in your mate's front room. Mr Bloom, sporting a non-Moore shirt has a natural, unassuming "charisma", dare I say, which makes the lone figure with the encompassing guitar sound wandering about the stage an inoffensive presence in the audience's midst. Close on two hours of Luka with two encores left the crowd sated and glad of their Saturday night's outing into the perishing cold. "Here's a song by an American-Irish ballad writer..." he said, adopting a solemn tone (redeeming my

faith in Irish wit) as he launched into "When Dove's Cry" by His Symbolness. He also followed the current trend of covering "Everybody Hurts". Luka Bloom successfully pulled off some powerful inventive solo ventures, among them The Acoustic Motorbike, with Rudy and Judy, his two custom guitars, producing a sound to eat parsnips for.

by Darragh O'Toole -
the bone-idle waster

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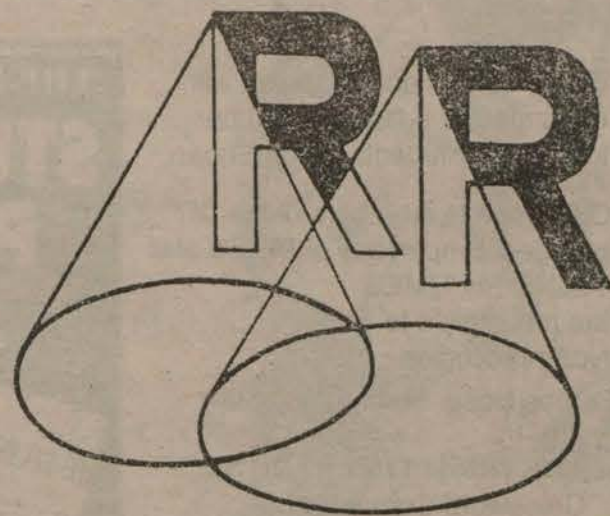
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DIT Aungier Street's Rugby Team Scoops Sponsorship



Pictured at the recent announcement of sponsorship for DIT Aungier Street's Rugby Team were (l to r): Ed McGowan, (team captain), Vincent O'Gorman, Carmel Whelan (Murphys Ireland), John Teeling and Brendan Roche (President of DIT Aungier Street's Rugby Team).

The presentation was made last week in the Students' Union in DIT Aungier Street.

It's All Going Swimmingly

In the recent Freshers Intervarsities Swimming Competition in Clonmel, the DIT women's team thoroughly outswam themselves with excellent results in all areas, including two firsts.

In the swimming section, they came first overall; however when these results were combined with those from the water polo events, in which DIT were knocked out in the first round, they were beaten into second place by the combined scores from UCD. Still, it was an excellent result which the team hope to improve upon in the full intervarsities.

The men's team was hindered somewhat by the absence of six of its best swimmers who were in Belfast for an International meet against Scotland. However, even with this hindrance, the team still managed six finalists, a third and a fourth placing. When it is back a full strength the team hopes to beat favourites UCD at the full intervarsities.

It was in the water polo championships that the DIT men came into their own and proved their worth. In the first round, they drew University of Limerick, who then withdrew. This buy to the second round put them up against Maynooth; the team started excellently and won with relative ease. The semi-final was the match which

many had hoped would be the final, DIT v Queen's University Belfast. These two well matched sides met in both of last year's finals and shared the rewards with one victory each. This year's final was bound to be a tense affair and neither team relaxed until the final whistle. Going into the final quarter, DIT were one goal down but with sheer determination and a little luck emerged victorious with a margin of two goals. Final score: 11-9

In the final DIT met Trinity and it was here that the absence of DIT's three internationals was felt for the first time. Trinity had had a somewhat softer semi-final and really attacked in the first quarter, scoring four goals. DIT dug deep. Entering the final quarter, DIT were still two goals down and when the final whistle sounded, the margin was an agonising one goal. It was a close thing and a spirited performance which, combined with the other results, left the men's team in third place overall, behind Trinity and UCD.

With such an impressive display behind them, the DIT swimming teams can now look forward to the full intervarsities with confidence and increased determination.

Damien Pedreschi

THE IRISH TIMES

DITSU Simplex

CROSSWORD

Competition

PRIZE: First 3 correct entries drawn will each receive a £20 gift voucher for DITSU Students Union Shop.

RULES: Only open to members of the DIT colleges. Employees of DITSU and THE IRISH TIMES are not eligible to enter. No Photocopies -

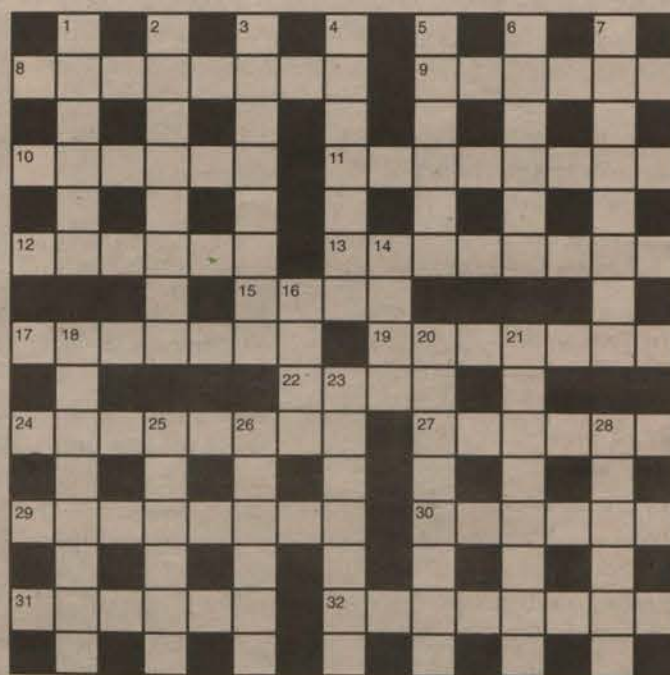
Entries close: Friday, Jan. 13th

SEND TO: THE IRISH TIMES / DITSU, Crossword Competition, The DIT Examiner. (to be dropped into local Union office)

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ACROSS

8. Fur of muskrat. (8)
9. Death is a grim one. (6)
10. Secret, veiled. (6)
11. Words of a musical play. (8)
12. Continuation, of a story for instance. (6)
13. I rave, son, with dislike. (8)
15. Decorative, open-work fabric. (4)
17. Well-bred or affectedly well-mannered. (7)
19. Set Ford to thaw. (7)
22. Relating to the mouth. (4)
24. Da's deuce is a Jewish sceptic. (8)
27. Inveigle, tempt. (6)
29. Una, Al and mut are seasonal. (8)
30. Not solid. (6)
31. Solid carved image. (6)
32. Greyish-white metal used in lamp filaments. (8)

DOWN

1. It's continental. (6)
2. Artificial channel for water. (8)
3. Pile salt on the sweet. (8)
4. Resin in thin plates for varnishing. (7)
5. Land suitable for ploughing or growing crops. (6)
6. Fondle, embrace. (6)
7. Divisions, portions. (8)
14. One of the four holy books of the Hindus. (4)
16. Bitter purgative drug made from a plant. (4)
18. Withdraw from, empty. (8)
20. Animal from the plane. (8)
21. Pitiless, merciless. (8)
23. Filled, gorged. (7)
25. Hesitates to believe. (6)
26. Curved on the outside. (6)
28. Con, he's been picked. (6)

COMPETITION NO. 3

What Christmas Means to Me

Christmas means beating with a huge lump of fresh and pointy holly anyone who comes out with the dread sentence "I hate Christmas Day, it's the most boring day of the year." It may very well be, though I suspect such painfully unoriginal killjoys have never experienced the unrivalled fun of playing in the cardboard boxes in which the presents were packed. If the present is big enough, a new car for example, you can actually get into the box and hide from relatives who think you are still seven. Message to such folk: hair ruffling and pretend punching are not acceptable forms of behaviour to people who have gone through puberty.

Getting back to those killjoys, if you can think of nothing else to trot out but this pointless rubbish, shut up and stop boring the rest of us.

Christmas also means otherwise respectable theatres encouraging men to dress up in retina splitting costumes, wear suspicious amounts of make up and call themselves names like "Twanky" while cavorting on a stage in front of impressionable children. The adults who attend these perverted events, employing the pathetic "The Kids like it" excuse, are to be treated

with much wariness. Frankly, I have never met a child who demanded to be taken to the pantomime. And to anyone who says that it is a traditional form of Christmas entertainment which belongs to a more innocent and simple age: so was bear baiting and throwing small children up chimneys.

Christmas means eggnog, which begs the questions, what is it? and, more importantly, why?

Closely associated with this is Mulled Wine. Allow me this indulgence. Wine comes in two forms: red and white. Mulled is a stupid word. It even sounds stupid.

Christmas means small children trying out their new bicycles on Christmas day, at 7.30am. Unable to contain themselves and indulged by sleepily contented parents, the excited young 'uns are permitted to pedal up and down the street, whizzing by each other with heart swelling pride, acknowledging fellow new cyclists with a cheery wave and generally announcing their happiness by RINGING THEIR BELLS. In the name of Jesus, (appropriately enough) why must they have bells?

Christmas is those pair of sky blue y-fronts aunty Margaret buys you, waist 26in, a full 12 years after you stopped wearing them, having realised that they were very sad items indeed. Worse again, you can tell what they are before you remove the paper with excruciatingly feigned excitement because the present is all squishy.

Christmas means Christmas crackers. Christmas crackers are disgraceful.

Christmas is parties at relatives' homes which you are contractually obliged to attend because you have received a half decent present from them, Brut or something. At such events, Agadoo is still played because your relatives feel they are hip. Moshing is not encouraged.

Christmas could well mean Arthur Murphy's Mailbag Christmas Special, during which Arthur will don a series of amusing hats. If this is the case I hereby put in a request for a fully operational handgun, large calibre.

Televisually speaking, it also means Noel Edmonds' Special Christmas show from the top of the post office tower in London. Perhaps he will need to step outside for a breath of fresh air and it will be very windy.

Thankfully, to effectively combat all of the above and worse horrors which I refuse to contemplate before they are upon me, Christmas also means drinking on levels that can only be described as heroic. And because it is the season of goodwill, people have this ridiculous habit of forgiving even the most heinous and disgraceful transgression. Case in point: One Christmas Eve, after lengthily celebrating the birthday of the Saviour, a close friend of mine blocked the kitchen sink with his vomit, then fell up to bed. His mother, eager to organise the Christmas dinner, tackled the problem early the next morning and then greeted her son some time later with a cheery "Have a good night, son?" He couldn't remember of course, but that isn't the point.

Happy Christmas.



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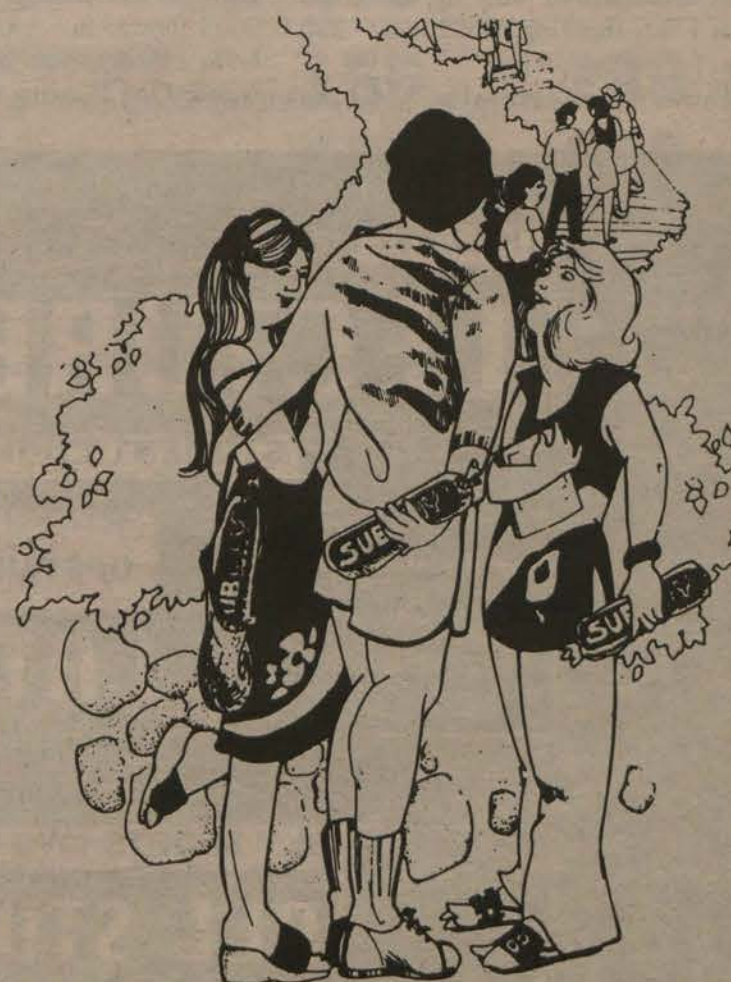
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Criminal Line Ups

I have seen a vision of Hell and in it is line dancing. Harsh words? I think not; in fact it would be more appropriate to commend my cool reserve in the face of what is clearly the work of the devil and the most grave threat to the respect of this country since our last Eurovision victory.

You may be wondering what line dancing has to do with Christmas week. I will tell you. Christmas parties, that's what. This fiendish creation has become inexplicably popular in the last year and is rearing its pestilential head at all manner of events, Christmas parties included. Up to to now I have deliberately avoided any event that would tend to place me within close proximity to line dancing, line dancers or the music associated with it and them. I attended a recent Christmas party, one of those three companies in one room affairs where everyone behaves like an idiot, but I had not been told what was the featured attraction of the evening. When Jerry, June and Bob took to the dance floor, clad in black jeans, black shirts with white bits hanging from them and black hats, I knew something was wrong. I began to sweat. I felt I knew what was about to happen and when my worst fears were confirmed by the DJ for the evening, I think I began to weep.

The DJ told us that Jerry, June and Bob were going to show us some standard line dances and that we should all watch carefully because later on we'd all be doing it. I thought it inappropriate, considering I had been invited by old work colleagues to jump up and shout what I was thinking, which was: "You must for fucking joking!"

Then the music started up and I saw

it, for the first time I saw it live in all its savagery. Sure, in the past I have beheld with disbelief line dancing, but that was during a Billy Ray Cyrus video and they never last long on my TV. One glimpse of several people appearing to do chick-

developed in America by white southern ultra conservatives who love order and country music but hate sex.

Why white? Because white people can't dance. We have no rhythm and tend to look like we're suffering full scale epileptic fits while remaining on our feet whenever we attempt to strut any stuff whatever. Line dancing requires no rhythm at all and in fact consists of little more than hooking one's thumbs in belt loops, shuffling



Garth Brooks - a bad man

en impersonations and zap! Begone. But there it was, not 10 feet from where I sat, slack jawed, gravy dribbling down my chin. As Jerry, June and Bob, performed their perverted act on the dance floor, all the while grinning like maniacs, I formed in my only slightly hazed brain a theory about line dancing and it is this: Line Dancing is a type of dance

across the floor and clapping occasionally. Sometimes you turn around and go the other way. In a doomed attempt to lend the whole sorry exercise a modicum of credibility, they (and I really do not wish to know who THEY are except for the purposes of a trial) have given what they consider are snappy names to some of the dances. For example there is

The Electric Glide and there is The Tush Push (Heaven help us). Oddly enough there did not appear to be any dance called The Stupid Bugger.

The love of order is evident in the very name. The dance is conducted in lines and everyone does exactly the same thing, usually very badly. There may be some comfort to be gleaned from the fact that everyone on the dance floor is behaving as ludicrously as everyone else and no-one can really snigger because your steps are a bit odd. This is cold comfort indeed since you have to line dance in order to achieve such sad security.

What is very worrying is that once the repetitive motions get into the head, it is virtually impossible to get them out, at least in the short term. Hours after the Jerry, June and Bob had gone back to whatever Valley of the Damned from whence they came, and the disco music was in full swing - groovy 70s stuff - the people who had partaken in this dance floor offence were still dancing in ordered lines, following the moves of the person in front and not a hint of self respect anywhere. It was a thoroughly depressing sight. I will never listen again to Dancing Queen in quite the same way.

Finally to the sex. Or the utter lack of it. Dancing can be sexy when it's done properly. Even when it's not it can be a serious turn on, especially during those legalised groping sessions known as the slow sets. There is no touching in Line Dancing, or if there is it is of the 'link the person next to you and swing the whole crowd around' variety. It is utterly sexless. We may not be able to dance but at least before line dancing we had fun.

I have one more small gripe about this heinous imposition on Irish dance floors and it is this: stetsons.

Be very careful this Christmas. It's everywhere. Be afraid. Be very afraid.

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All they want for Christmas . . .

What with the season that's in it and because the DITSU sabbaticals are always deserving of special treatment, one of Santa's little helpers paid some of them a special and very secret visit recently in order to enquire as to their desires and needs for the Christmas and the new year. Their message was carried to The Bizarrely Attired One himself and he replied where and as he could.

Colman Byrne, Overall DITSU President has some tear inducing hopes for the future and he listed them all with a hand on heart and a quivering lip: an end to hunger, the cessation of all war, a single state of the art campus for the DIT, a Toyota MR2, a never emptying wallet (sort of like the magic porridge pot) and (a surprise this) the resurrection of Albert Reynolds.

Santa Replies: Well Colman, the first two are no problem, as is the wallet thing, but as regards the MR2, I find



Dan Wade - wants the Queen to go

the roadholding isn't the best when you go over 80, and ask you to consider again, and as for the last, well, I may be Santa but I'm not that good. I'm not sure anyone is.

Greg Hughes, President in DIT Mountjoy Square SU, was the only one present to actually upset the bearded one, not because of this extravagant nature of the presents he wants but because he claims not to believe in His Jovialness. However, the child within never far from the surface, he went on, having announced his Christmas heresy, to list what he would like if Santa did exist: world peace and happiness throughout the world. All well and philanthropic, but what about for himself, a personal gift for him alone.

"I'd like a Ba Ba 3,000 Inflatable Sheep ... with real wool," he answered, eyes lighting up.

Santa Replies: Once again, I can deliver on the first two, but there's been an awful rush on the last, especially in certain universities. Would you settle for the 2,000. Just as good. I'm told."

Mark Lee, deputy president in DIT Mountjoy Square SU was caught

unawares, but thought quickly. "I don't know what I want but if forced, I'd settle for ... eh ... at least 100,000,000 pints of beer, A Volvo T5 and a refill of Eternity."

Santa replies: Well Mark, I had some problems with your requests. I mean, surely the beer requested will be provided over the Christmas period anyway, by relatives and the like. Why double up? The T5 is a bitch to start in cold mornings and as for your last, I think you are confusing me with someone else who has a beard. It is most certainly not for me to decide on how much eternity there should be. I could get in trouble for this.

Ronán Haughey, President of DIT Bolton Street SU was initially confrontational. When asked what he wanted for Christmas, he answered: "people like you not to ask em questions like that, which took the wind out of my jingly bobble hat I can tell you. Then, he aspired a table football game in the corner of the room, mugged me for my 20p fare home and as he played, turned and said: "I'd like one of these."

Santa Replies: No a problem, Ronán, I even know where I can get one; the common room in Mountjoy Square.

Colin Joyce, President of DIT Cathal Brugha Street SU, was quite definite and indeed mercenary in his requests, lacking as they did a little of the Christmas spirit. Still, each to his own.

"I want the lotto, the English lotto and I want it to be left in Buckingham Palace because I'm gonna buy it and make myself King of England. Then I'm going to dissolve Britain. That's my Christmas present to Gerry Adams."

Santa Replies: Eh, I'll see what I can do, Colin. Is there much air in that



Greg Hughes would like world peace and a sheep

office of yours?

Ciarán Crosbie, President of Kevin Street's SU, neatly blended his political wishes with some more traditional hedonistic desires.

"I'd like the destruction of the Fianna

Fáil party, a fair deal for Kevin Street students, voluntary euthanasia and a flame red Ferrari Testarossa complete with 6'2" blonde woman. And a pinball machine in my bedroom

Santa Replies: Don't you think FF are doing a good enough job by themselves? And about the pinball machine. With a



Colin Joyce wants to be King of England

6'2" blonde woman by your side, why on earth would you want a pinball machine in your bedroom. Unless of course ... oh. I see. Whatever you're into.

Helen Ryan, Deputy President in Kevin Street SU said that she didn't

know, that it depended on the outcome of the referendum, the results of which were being counted as she spoke. After the votes has been counted, she decided: "I'd like a Women's Rights Officer sabbatical. And a party."

Santa Replies: Party is no problem. The other is out of my hands. Sorry.

Dan Wade, Deputy President of Aungier Street SU may well have been kidding when he requested the resurrection of Charles Haughey as one of his presents. A curious wish indeed; not so his other choices which were a peaceful and fulfilling new year and the abdication of the Queen of England.

Santa Replies: Dan, Dan I see your point regarding the Queen, but who would you put in her place? I don't think anyone wants to see Charles on the throne.

Lar Moran, Alison Flanagan and Sinéad McNulty were absent when the visit was made. This is worrying for He Who Employs The Reindeer and Does Pay Them Well. If they could put pen to paper and address the letter to The Icy Wastes Where It Is Not as Much Fun to Work as You Might Think, he will see what he can do.

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DITSU Referendum Results

The results of the recent referendum held recently across the Dublin Institute which proposed changes to the constitution of the Dublin Institute of Technology Students' Union are as follows:

Motion One:

Total poll: 1146,
Spoiled Votes: 14,
Total Valid Poll: 1132

Yes: 947
No: 185

Motion Carried

Motion Two:

Total Poll: 1146,
Spoiled Votes: 20,
Total Valid Poll: 1126

Yes: 950
No: 166

Motion Carried



The DITSU Executive wish you a Merry Christmas and a Very Happy New Year

Motion Three:

Total Valid Poll: 1146,
Spoiled Votes: 18,
Total Valid Poll: 1128

Yes: 947
No: 181

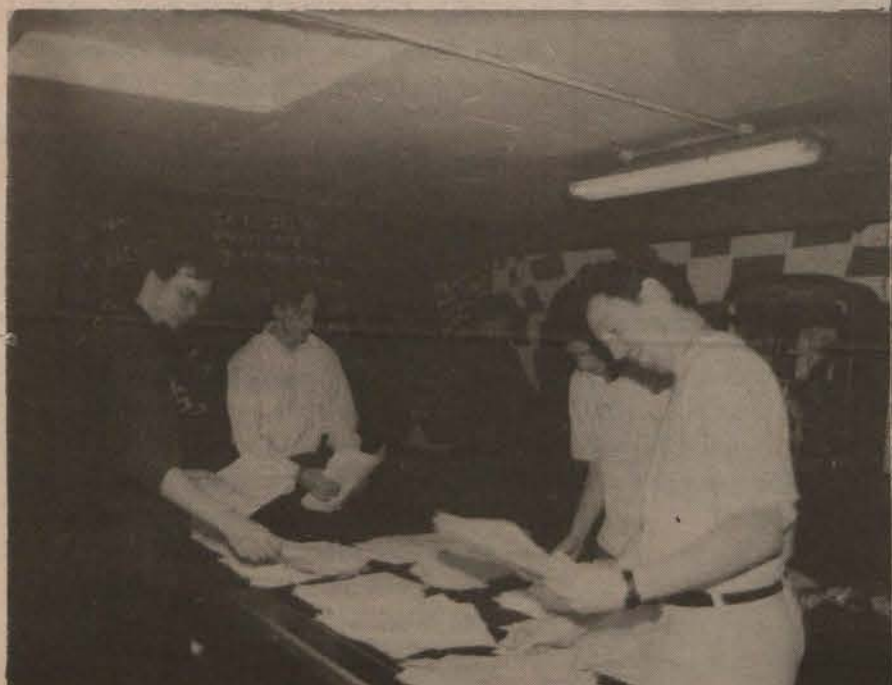
Motion Carried

Motion Four:

Total Poll: 1146,
Spoiled Votes: 21,
Total Valid Poll: 1125

Yes: 771
No: 354

Motion Carried



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